Numb. 68.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Friday** October 1ſt. to **Wedneſday** October 6th. 1708.

WHereas the greateſt part of our Subſcribers have been ſo kind as to diſcharge their Quateridges already, we intreat the few remaining will forthwith do the like, by reaſon we have ſuch a great Number of Subſcribers daily coming in, it will render our Servants more capable of duly ſerving all.

Q. *How are Propheſies compatible with the free will of Man; and whether Predeſtination, ſuch an abſolute one, as the Rigid Calviniſts hold, be not contrary to the Juſtice and Mercy of our Maker; and whether Predeſtination, however underſtood, be not incompatible to the free Will of Man?*

A. Three Diſtinct Queſtions are here propos'd, which muſt be conſider'd ſeverally.

1. Propheſies, that referr to Humane Actions, do therefore ſeem contrary to the freedom of Man's Will, becauſe thro' a miſtaken notion we underſtand a *Relative* term in an *Abſolute* Senſe. For Propheſies, we ſay, are the reſult of *Foreknowledge*, and we conſider not that the word *Foreknowledge* when applied to God, is no other than an accommodation to Our capacity. For All things, that ſhall ever be, are actually *Preſent* to Infinite Perfection; and therefore what we call *Foreknowledge*, if we wou'd ſpeak properly, we muſt call it *Knowledge*. And then it naturally follows, that God's Knowledge of the *Preſent* actions of Men (for ſo, as we have obſerv'd, are their *Future* actions with reſpect to Him) no otherwiſe *Determines* thoſe actions, than one man's being Privy to another Man's Actions deſtroys his Liberty. If it be enquir'd, how God beholds *Future* Actions in a *Preſent* view, we anſwer, that for ought we know, None but He, who thus beholds them, can conceive the Manner of it. And therefore the Difficulty (how great ſoever) can breed no ſcruple in our Minds, unleſs we outſtrip our Ambitious Parents, and not only deſire *to be*, but fancy, that we *Are* as Gods.

2. Predeſtination in the Rigid acceptation of the word is Contrary, not only to the Juſtice and Mercy of God, but alſo to his Veracity. For he has ſaid it (*and is he a Man, that he ſhou'd Lye?*) *that he is not willing, that any Periſh, but that All ſhou'd come to Repentance.*

3. Predeſtination as founded on Foreknowledge (for we may uſe the term, ſince we have ſhew'd the uſe of it) can no otherwiſe deſtroy Free-will, than as Foreknowledge does. But that Foreknowledge is no ways Incompatible to Humane Liberty, we have Prov'd Above.

Q. *Since Reaſon, Underſtanding, &c. are the Attributes of the Soul, why have not Infants Reaſon, &c.*

A. Infants may plainly be obſerv'd to be endow'd with Reaſon, tho' they exert but a more minute degree of it. But were they to ſeem, when firſt born, altogether deſtitute of Reaſon, yet this wou'd no ways prove, that Reaſon is not Eſſential to the Soul, ſince the Eſſential Faculties of the Soul might be hindred in It's operations by it's Union with the Body, till by Degrees they ſhou'd exert their force and energy.

Q. *The Athenians in one of their Oracles are of the Opinion, that were all that have been from the beginning alive, there would be Room Enough on the Earth to Contain them; which to me ſeems very ſtrange: (only Men and Women are Meant) Your Opinion thereof.*

A. It is Difficult to decide the Queſtion, ſince ſo much of the Globe is as yet Unknown. For of the parts, that are Undiſcover'd, we cannot be capable of Judging, how large a Portion is *Terra Firma*, or Dry Land. And of the *Terra Incognita*, we know not, how much of it is Inhabited. And of thoſe parts, that are inhabited, yet ſince Unknown to us, we muſt be at a loſs ſo much as to conjecture, how Populous they be. And yet the Knowledge of theſe three Particulars is Neceſſary to the ſolution of the Queſtion.

Q. *What was the figure of the Serpent before the Curſe pronounc'd upon it, and how do ye Clear the Juſtice of God in puniſhing the Serpent for the Devil's fault?*

A. In *Iſaiah* 14. 29. we read of a flying fiery Serpent; a Serpent of ſo flaming an appearance, as to reſemble even Fire in the Brightneſs of it's Form. And ſuch kind of Serpents in Numbers are termed *Seraphims*; a word denoting alſo the Superior Angels: Whence we gather the Angelical, as it were, reſplendency of ſuch fiery Serpents. And therefore it is no improbable Suppoſition of a Prelate of our Church, that the Serpent, which deluded Eve, was was one of theſe Flying Seraphims, unleſs it be contrary to that particular paſſage. *Now the Serpent was more ſubtil than any beaſt of the field*; which may ſeem to imply, that it was then, not a Creeping thing, nor a Flying Serpent, but a beaſt of the field. They therefore, to whom the objection ſhall ſeem

weighty, muſt be contented with St. *Baſil*'s account; *the Serpent was not, as it is now, a Creature Crawling and winding upon the ground in a frightful manner, but ſublime, and walking Upright upon it's feet.*

As for the Juſtice of God in the Serpent's Curſe, if God had not only Debas'd it's Form, but Taken away it's very Being, he had but taken what he had himſelf beſtow'd. Who then can implead him of Injuſtice, ſince he did no more than Reſume his Own? But as for the intention of the Curſe, it was level'd againſt the Enormity of Sin, that *Adam* might ſee, how odious it was to God, inaſmuch as it prevail'd upon him to Debaſe an Unconſenting Inſtrument of ſuch foul Deformity. And indeed ſo Mean, ſo Degrading a thing is Sin by nature, that of Aſpiring Creatures it makes us Grovelings, and entails upon us the very Serpent's Curſe, *upon thy belly ſhalt thou go, and duſt ſhalt thou Eat all the days of thy life.*

Q. *Why are ſo many ſo very eager to know ſome things, which they are beforehand very well aſſur'd will only ſerve to vex and grieve them, when known?*

A. Curioſity is a Weed, that grew in a fruitful Paradiſe; and if thence Tranſplanted into a Barren Soil, that had ſuffer'd the Penalty of a Curſe, it has ever ſince throve to a Miracle, we need not wonder, when this was the tenor of the Curſe, *Thorns and Thiſtles* (one of the worſt of Weeds, and therefore a fit emblem of Curioſity) *ſhalt thou bring forth.* We have ſuch an Innate deſire of Knowing the things, that are hid from us, whether they be good, or whether they be Evil, as vindicates the Scripture Hiſtory, and preſents us with a Feeling Argument, that we derive our Pedigre from ſuch Progenitors, as out of *Curioſity* taſted the Forbidden Fruit.

Q. *Gentlemen, a Young Gentleman whoſe Eyes are very watery, yet that ſees well in variety of things, but not in conſtant reading or writing, begs of you to tell him, what is the Cauſe of the ſaid Waters, for he has uſed many things, without help.*

A. The Cauſe hereof we conceive to be a great Weakneſs of the Eyes proceeding from the Abundance of ſerous humors lodged in the Brain, and which are plentifully imbibed and Diſcharged by the Glands thereof.

Whereas a Gentleman acquaints us, that he has ſent us a Queſtion concerning God's Juſtice in the fall of *Adam*, which we don't remember we receiv'd, he is entreated to ſend it again, ſtated according to what objection he thinks may be made againſt it.

Q. *Gentlemen, Pray, why do the Generality of Men when they ſee a Lady always turn and look her in the face?*

A. If they like her Shape, it is to ſee if her Face anſwers it, if they like it not, to ſee if it will make amends for it.

Q. *Gentlemen, I did not think of troubling You any more with the following Queſtion, but the Party whom it concerns, not forbearing yet, &c.*

A. Sir, You muſt needs judge how unfit for the View of the Publick your Queſtion is, and we did not obſerve in any of your Letters, Directions to ſend a private Anſwer.

Q. *Gentlemen, Some time ſince I ſent you a Letter, that begun--Gentlemen, the great Satisfaction and Entertainment I have met with in Peruſing your Papers, Induces me to Trouble you with an Affair of no ſmall Importance, &c. Proceeding in giving you an Account of my Averſion to Trading and Matrimony, &c.*

A. Sir, We do not remember any ſuch Letter came to our Hands.

Q. *Meaſter* Apollo, *Praye give mee your adviſe wat to do in thes caſe vor tother deay I hade a letter vrom von Roger Plainley whoe lekes my buty zo much that he ſwers to have mee and I muſt not zay him neay and zays hee is vathers onley zon and will bee pleagey rich wene the aud graſear his vather is dead vor hee zays hee ſhall have cows cocks hens gheeſe and ſwine eneuf beſides his ſen, aya and more then all that hee will vight vor mee and now you have heard the caſe I pray yow anſwer me in youre next paper Or els by Jove I ſhall zoundly vapore Vor on it a husband thare depends Wiche if low by yore ſtay you cant make amens Vor I zo well leke rogers letter I care not how zone I am in that marage vetter Conſider quickly pray what ſhall bee done Vor hee is come to London being a grazear zon To zell cattle in zmethfeld and zone will be gon Which will very much troble Jone quickly won.*

A Kind Hearted *Jone*, The tother Deay as I was rubbing down the Heales of me Meaſter *Apollo*'s Coach-Horſes, ize obſearv'd his zons almoaſt to burſten with Laughter, at the zight of a Leater witch caam with your Neam to it. And after they had zertainly varted it into Atoms (as the Scholards zay) had not I my Meaſter's Groom undertauking to anſwere it, witch I praw You teak thus. That Country Loun who zays himzelf to be Vathers only Zon, may be a Greaut Cheat, and ſwaring you have virkd up zome Money in zarvice, would zecure it vor his ſen. And as for his Geeſe and Swine, he means you vor the virſt, and would hve leak the laſt him ſen, wen you are in his Pour. And Thearfore

Beware of Rogers wheadling Letter,
Vor ven you are in Marriage Vetter
He may think vot he Now calls Bury,
The Deel, ven he is come to Duty;
The Varlets zay and ſzware down right,
The new ſcowr'd Pewter's not ſo bright,
Nor Brazen Pot, no nor Dull Moon,
Can e'er compare with ſwarthy Jone;
But you ven once they have your Money,
No more their Pigſnies are nor Honey.

POEMS.

Q. *LOng have I lov'd, long have I Sigh'd in vain,*
For all my tender Vows receiv'd Diſdain:
I Love——

But all the ſoftneſs Language does expreſs,
Can't ſpeak the Love, *which does the youth oppreſs.*
Poeſy falls ſhort, attempting to rehearſe
The Lover's flames, above the pow'r of Verſe;
As nature kind when firſt ſhe rais'd her head,
And having ſweets and odours round her ſpread.
With conſtant faith whole years I try'd to ſooth
The Lovely Maid, her tender paſſions move
By ſoft Indearments, Charm her Soul to Love,
But ah! alas! The Barren Soil, with pain
Fondly I ſtrove to cultivate in vain,
No kind return the flinty *Nymph has made,*
But all my earneſt ſuits, with ſcorn repaid.
Thus wearied and fateagu'd I fain wou'd find
Some Peace and Comfort, for my reſtleſs Mind;
I fain would Quit this vain and fruitleſs Scene,
And my fond heart, to real worth reſign;
No More would Let theſe empty toys Controul;
But would to Heaven devote my Longing Soul:
Bright Wiſdome's Rules I ever would obey,
And from her Sacred Precepts never ſtray;

Ob

Oh! Teach me then to curb my wild Deſires,
And Quench the heat of Paſſion's Lawleſs Fires;
Tell me the bliſs that from right Reaſon *flows,*
And all the Charms of Piety diſcloſe,
That ſo overcome by Vertue's brighter Charms,
May yield my ſelf to her all conqu'ring Arms;
May Soul and Body to her ways reſign,
And all my deeds conform to Laws Divine.

A. Weigh the Inſipid Pleaſures riſe from *Senſe,*
And all the tranſient Joys which flow from *Thence;*
How *Short*, how *Flat*, how *Empty* all Appear,
How much beneath *True Reaſon*'s Glorious Sphere:
And then revolve on that *Immenſe Delight;*
Thoſe *Flouds of Bliſs* the *right informed Soul* invite;
Their *Weight*, their *Fullneſs* and *Eternity*,
In Manſions of the *Bleſt*, above the *Skie;*
Your Appetite to *Trifles* here below,
Will *vaniſh ſtrait;* taught from *Above* to know;
How far from ſatisfaction, their whole Courſe,
Begun in *Conſcious Guilt* and ending in Remorſe.

Q. *Apollo's a Blockhead, and all the Town know it,*
He's an Inſipid Coxcomb, and Fool of a Poet.
His Anſwer's ſo flat and ſo wretchedly dull,
Seem the Genuine Fruits of a Novice's Scull.
So harſh and ſo mean are the Lines that you ſmatter,
They're void of good Senſe, as they're wide of the matter.
You claim the bright Phœbus *for Father and ſit,*
As by Legacy he had bequeath'd you his wit:
But that with the wiſe for a Paradox Paſſes,
For whate'er was your Sire his Sons are but Aſſes.
You Sculk in his beams as a cloak for defence,
Subſcribe with his Name but have none of his ſenſe.
And like Æſop's Aſs with the Lyons fierce skin,
But the voice ſoon betray'd what the Beaſt was within.
Then tell us why thus you keep bubling the Town
Of their money for wit that cou'd never be ſhown?

A. Sure ſuch an Incorrigible Sot was ne'er known,
To diſturb with his Nonſenſe the *liſtening* Town;
You Condemn all our Anſwers, our Verſe and Deſign,
Yet like *a foil'd Pedant*, produce not *one Line*;
Your Rhet'rick *Mac Flecno* does plainly diſcover,
Who e'er was your *Father*, ſome *Fiſhwife's your Mother*;
Who ſtill in ſuch Language their Arguments ply,
Without Condeſcending to tell People, *why*
If you have not read, all we've writ, then the Reſt
(For ought *Nizer* knows) may contain all the beſt;
But if you've read all and are bubbl'd by an *Aſs*,
Pray under what Name muſt *the Bubbl'd Oaph* paſs.

Q. *Tell us, ye Sages, If your Art*
Can ſuch Myſterious Truths impart;
How 'tis that Animal the Spider,
To Diſtant Trees two Yards or Wider;
Can with ſuch eaſe a Paſſage get
To fix the Fabrick of her Net;
Without the Help of Wings, or Ladder,
Or of Ought elſe whereby to adhere:
Or by what other Art ſhe does it,
Thus I am order'd to propoſe it:
If you do this, moſt ſure we can tell
Who 'tis has got the Prophet's Mantle.

A. From Tree to Tree thoſe Artiſts move,
Hanging at Threds there fix'd above:
Whereby the Air and Motion too
May agitate them to and Fro,
And thence their Swing become ſo wide,
To touch the Tree on T'other ſide.

Q. *With bauling I'm weary*
And ſending of Queries,
Mais Je n' ay point reccu une reponſe *Sir*;
Depuis que Je Ray envoye,
Un mois eſt paſſe,
Vor vitch you deſerve to be trounc'd Sir:
Since with Elegant Proſe,
Your Godſhip I've poſed,
With Bumbaſt me'l Endeavour to fit Ye,
Pray anſwer bientot,
Car il veus reſemble fert,
As not being wonderful witty.
A Man there was here,
Since eſt paſſeeune *Year,*
Born without hand,
Yet a Penn could command,
Eutre autres mercilleuſes choſes,
If it's properly Expreſs'd
Eſt a cette *hence my requeſt,*
That a Man writ a hand with his Toes.

A. It with ſenſe it does ſtand,
That *Writing*'s a *Hand,*
Donc il n'y a Point de doubte,
Se'ſt maime Choſe,
Tho' writ with the Toes,
Si non vous find a better word out.
But why do you charge
Us, with Bombaſt at large,
Quend t' amaſſes ſuch aboundance of Jargon;
If matters ſo ſlight
Our Fancies delight,
La Pele ſe Moque du Fourgon.

Luſus Cupidines, ſive Paroxyſmi Febriles Amatorij.

Thomæ Randolphi Angli.

AH Wretched Amoriſt, Unhappy Swain!
Whoſe intermitting Paſſion's, Nurſt in vain:
The Coy *Corinna* ſcorns Thy humble ſuit,
And Thou when Fond *Corinna* ſues, art mute.
Love Governs both, and what can happier prove?
Yet 'tis not Mutual, but Alternate Love.
When *Corydon* is Chill, *Corinna's* Fir'd,
And when his Flames ariſe, Her heat's Expir'd.
Why thus ſhould LOVERS act Enormous Laws?
Why Summers Winters, Winters Summers cauſe?

Why

Why Ice ſuch Fires, why Fires ſuch Ice prepare ?
Raſh God of Love, theſe Barb'rous Sports forbear :
Forbear ; or let the Shepherds Flames remain,
Or Let the Nymph her friged Fits retain.
Or Kindle, or Extinguiſh Both ; that ſo,
Their Sympathizing Breaſts may ever Freeze or
(Glow.

Note, That ſuch who make Collections, may have the Title Pages to the *Britiſh Apollo*, of the Men in their Walks, at a Penny a-piece.

SIR,

TIS advis'd from Courtray October the 6th that the Confederate Army continues in the ſame Camp, and the day before a Detachment was ſent from thence to aſſiſt in the General Storm on Liſle, which is to be made in a few days with about 30000 men ; and that the French continue betwixt Courtray and Audenarde. The advices from Antwerp Octob. 9th. Import, that ſince the Allies have taken the Ravelin by ſtorm, they have inceſſantly fired on the Wall of the Town in Order to widen the Breach : And that after they had taken the Ravelin, they ſummon'd the Town again to ſurrender, but receiv'd a Denial. The Garriſon has Leſſen'd their fire for ſome days, whereby 'tis preſum'd that they are in want of Powder ; & that our men are filling the Ditch in Order to a general Storm. The Letters from Bruges Octob. 6th. Give an account that as ſoon as the Duke of Vendome arriv'd in his Camp near Oudenburg, he Order'd all the poſts on the Canal of Newport from Neuendame to Plaſſendale to be fortify'd, and has Garriſon'd ſeveral neighbouring Caſtles, with deſign to intercept the Confederate Convoys from Oſtend. The advices from Bruſſells Octob. the 8th are, that a Magazine blew up with a good Number of Grenadoes fill'd, beſides Bombs and Powder, when the laſt Outworks were taken before Liſle. That Deſerters report, that 5000 of the Garriſon have been kill'd or wounded, and among them many Officers of Note. Our men are now filling up the Ditch, which is an 120 foot wide, with Faſcines, &c. and hope to be Maſters of the Town in ſix days. All the Enemies Outguards being reti'r'd, they fire now only from the Walls, and that but now and then to ſpare their powder. That Count de la Mothe has marched 25000 men to intercept Our Convoy, which 'tis hop'd the Duke of Marlborough will prevent.

The Letters from Harwich Octob. 2d. relate that the Dragon has ſent in thither a French Privateer of 10 Guns and 62 Men, which he took to the Northward. That the Norwich and Flamborough are ſail'd thence for Scotland, having under their convoy 40 light Colliers from Newcaſtle. They write from Portſmouth Octob. 3d. that the day before ſail'd for Oſtend, Her Majeſty's Ship the Mountague, Crown & Swallow Prize, with a Fleet of Tranſport Ships, having on Board two Regiments of Soldiers. That the Queen of Portugal continues on ſhore there. That Sir George Bing, and Sir John Jennings are ſtill at Spithead, with the Men of War and Merchant-ſhips for Portugal, the Streights, Guinea, &c. That two Daniſh Ships which are arrived there, were Plunder'd in their paſſage of their Proviſions, Money, &c. by 4 French Capers to the Eaſtward of the Iſle of Wight. Which concludes all from Yours, &c.

Any Perſons upon Directing their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to Mr. *Keeble* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain* Bookſellers, or to the Printer hereof, may have this Paper brought to their Houſes (in the City or Suburbs) at 2 *s. per* Quarter, and the Monthly Papers at 6 *d. per* Quarter more : Thoſe who come within the Quarter, to have proportional Deductions at the End. Alſo Books of Guards neatly Bound, to keep them in, at 2 *s.* a-piece. Likewiſe whole Sets from the Beginning, paying only 3 *s.* 6 *d.* for all before Midſummer, and the reſt to go ; at which Places Advertiſements are taken in at 2 *s.* 6 *d.* each.

Note, That they who live in the Country may appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them, or order ſome Inn-Keeper to pay for them Quarterly. For we cannot depend on the Payment of Carriers, ſince they come not in on thoſe hours as our Servants can meet with them in their Walks.

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Note, the Names of ſuch as ſhall pay their Subſcription Money, to the Bearers of this Paper will be entred on the Book, in the ſame manner with thoſe, who ſubſcribe at Mr. Mayo's.

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